

*The Tragedy of Hamlet*

heare me old friend, can you play the murder of *Gonago*?

*Play*, I my Lord.

*Ham*. Weele hau't to morrow night, you could for need study a speech of some dosen lines, or sixteene lines, which I would see downe and insert in't: could you not?

*Play*. I my Lord.

*Ham*. Very well, follow that Lord, and looke you mocke him not. My good friends, Ile leaue you till night, you are welcome to *Elsonoure*.

*Exeant Polonius and Players.*

*Ros*. Good my Lord.

*Exit.*

*Ham*. I so, God buy to you, now I am alone,

O what a rogue and peasant slaue an I!  
Is it not monstrous that this player heere  
But in a fixion, in a dreame of passion  
Could force his soule, so to his owne conceit  
That from her working all the visage wand,  
Teares in his eyes, distraction in his aspect,  
A broken voyce, and his whole function suting  
With formes to his conceit; and all for nothing,  
For *Hecuba*.

What's *Hecuba* to him, or he to her,  
That he should weepe for her: what would he doe  
Had he the motiue, and that for passion  
That I haue? he would drowne the stage with teares,  
And cleaue the generall eare with horrid speech,  
Make mad the guilty, and appeale the free,  
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed,  
The very faculties of eyes and eares; yet I,  
A dull and muddy mettled raskall peake,  
Like *Iohn-a-dreames*, vnpregnant of my cause,  
And can say nothing; no not for a King,  
Vpon whose property and most deare life,  
A damn'd defeate was made: am I a coward,  
Who calls me villaine, breakes my pate a crosse,  
Pluckes off my beard, and blowes it in my face,  
Twekes me by the nose, giues me the lie i'th throte  
As deepe as to the lunges: who does me this,  
Hah! wounds I should take it: for it cannot be  
But I am pidgion liuerd, and lacke gall

To

*Prince of Denmarke.*

To make oppression bitter, or ere this  
I should haue fatted all the region kytes  
With this slaues offall, bloody, bawdy villaine,  
Remorselesse, treacherous, litcherous, kindlesse villaine.  
Why what an Assc am I? this is most braue,  
That I the sonne of a deere father murdered,  
Prompted to my reuenge by heauen and hell,  
Must like a whore vnpack my heart with words,  
And fall a cursing like a very drabbe; a stallion, sic vppont, soh.  
About my braines, hum, I haue heard,  
That guilty creatures sitting at a play,  
Haue by the very cunning of the scene,  
Beene strooke so to the soule, that presently  
They haue proclaim'd their malefactions:  
Formurther though it haue no tongue will speake  
With most miraculous organ. Ile haue these *Players*  
Play something like the murder of my father  
Before mine Vncle, Ile obserue his looks,  
Ile tent him to the quicke, if a do blench  
I know my course. The spirit that I haue scene  
May be a diuell, and the diuell hath power  
T'assume a pleasing shape; yea and perhaps,  
Out of my weaknesse and my melancholly,  
As hee is very potent with such spirits,  
Abuses mee to damne mee; Ile haue grounds  
More relatiue then this, the play's the thing  
Wherein Ile catch the conscience of the King.

*Exit.*

*Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencraus, Gyl-  
densterne, Lords*

*King*. And can you by no drift of conference  
Get from him why hee puts on this confusion,  
Grating so harshly all his dayes of quiet  
With turbulent and dangerous lunacie?  
*Ros* He dooes confesse he feeles himselfe distracted,  
But from what cause a will by no meanes speake.  
*Gyl*. Nor do wee find him forward to be founded,  
But with a crafty madnes keepes aloofe  
When we would bring him on to some confession

G.